

CHRISTIAN SPIRITUALIST

"EVERY PLANT WHICH MY HEAVENLY FATHER HATH NOT PLANTED SHALL BE ROOTED UP."

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[For the Christian Spiritualist.]
SPIRITUALISM AND THE PRESS.

BY S. M. PETERS.

I once heard of an old lady, who for a long time felt an unconquerable aversion to rye bread and to every thing that was made of rye. But after they began to make rum of rye, to use her own words, she managed to "worry a little of it down." The late conversion of a Godanite editor to a belief in Spiritualism by a swearing Spirit is a singular coincidence. It would not be surprising if conversions of a similar character happened up this way. The editorial fraternity have progressed wonderfully in this region the past year, and they doubtless will continue to progress in accordance with the rise and fall of their own pockets. The boasted free press of America was once a powerful engine, and exercised an influence on the public mind that has no parallel in history. It was then the mouth-piece of the millions—an organ through which every citizen might express his political or religious opinions, responsible always to that great tribunal, public opinion. At that time the shafts of sarcasm and ridicule were launched only at political opponents; the idea of standing between a man and his God to tell him what he might or might not believe was above the ambition of American journalism. At that time, too, a stranger could learn much of Americanism and Nationality from the columns of the press. And our fathers and mothers looked upon newspaper authority as second only to the Bible, and upon an editor as the greatest man in the world after the minister. The honest old souls never dreamed that their children would live to see the time when an editor would throw dead cats at the tombstone of his grandfather to increase his popularity or his patronage. They never dreamed that in the next generation an editor would leave his paper free at the door of the popular pastor of a wealthy congregation in order to secure the patronage of the church. They never dreamed that editors who were athletes in principle and practice would puff the sermons of popular preachers in ranting comments that would disgust a witch-burning puritan for the sake of a few dimes. They never dreamed that these same pious puffs would be written by inspiration of a glass of bad brandy. They never dreamed that the American press, to any extent, would become the plant tool of unscrupulous political demagogues and fashionable saints, until it was no longer the representative of any thing in particular, and was despised by those it trusted and considered very poor authority by its best friends. And has this state of things come to pass? Who, by reading the papers can discover the line of demarcation between the Whig and Democratic parties or what either of those parties are for or against? Who by reading the papers can determine the strength of the Know Nothing party to within fifty thousand in this State alone, or whether any such party exists except in the fears of patriotic office seekers? Who, that reads the papers can discover how many Spirit-rappers have become insane or committed suicide in the last year,—what their names were, or what town, county, or State they resided in when they lost their senses or parted their life lines? And who that reads the papers can fail to discover that the press, once the mighty lever of a nation's thoughts, has within the last five years been shorn of its high-toned assumption by a "transparent humbug"? Scarcely a journal can be found now that will publish the malicious slanders so common in the columns of the secular prints one year ago.—The *Troy Daily Times*, the *Tribune*, and a few others, occasionally fire a spud, but the editors of these sheets seem to know by experience that there is no danger to be apprehended either way, inasmuch as they are considered harmless, inoffensive individuals, incapable of inflicting injury on anybody. The beginning of the new dispensation was also the advent of a newspaper crusade, entirely unprovoked and unneeded for. The great body of the editorial craft brandished their goose-quills and charged upon a phenomenon with about as clear a conception of what they were doing as Don Quixote had when he tilted against the wind-mill. Nobody disputes their right, as journalists, to speak on all subjects, but we dispute the right of any man to act the part of judge and pronounce the verdict before he has heard the testimony. It was supposed that Professor Morse knew some-what of the powers and properties of electricity. But these gentlemen of the quill and scissors left the Professor far in the rear, and that too, without making a single experiment. They discovered that electricity, in addition to what was already known of its abilities, was intimately versed in the dead languages, could write poetry, play on musical instruments, and was without exceedingly skeptical in regard to the infallibility of John Calvin. The scientific discoveries of the aforesaid gentlemen have been extended as far as the forty-ninth variation, and might be rendered eminently useful in the cause of progress, were it not that the last one invariably ignores all that preceded it.

Again, these latter-day scribes had done nothing

to draw upon themselves the imputation of being overstocked with piety. But suddenly they "put on the whole armor of righteousness," ready to peril their souls and spill their ink as champions of the "visible church." And now, when the battle is over and they "sleep on the field of glory," that same church disavows their championship and neglects to erect a stone or inscribe a line to their memory. *Sic transit gloria mundi.*

But we are not done with the subject yet. The opposition and animadversion of the press in a question of science, philosophy, or mere pretension, without a proper understanding of the merits or demerits of the case, have rashly exposed its imbecility and incurred a lasting stigma upon its hitherto fair fame. The opposition of the church was expected. From the establishment of the Papacy to the present era, progression has traveled with a church mill-stone about its neck. Every step of science has been disputed by ecclesiastical assumption. And though worsted in every encounter, the egotism of imaginary sanctity has kept the church blind to the fact that it was endeavoring to overthrow the *works* of God with the so-called *word* of God. Science is but a practical elucidation of the immutable operation of divine law, and its progress thus far, is indebted to the church for nothing but the invention of gunpowder, and perhaps that was the natural outgrowth of an institution founded partly on brimstone rather than a discovery. In our own day, we have seen phrenology represented by an humble individual contending with and effectually demolishing the pulpit batteries of New York. We knew the church, and were ready for its thunder. But with the press it was otherwise. Its legitimate office was that of an expounder and not that of a dictator; and when we saw it trampling upon the liberty of conscience, we were mortified and surprised. My religious faith is a matter of conscience between God and myself. And the man who presumes to control it, assumes the responsibility of answering for my sins. Now if it can be shown by good logic that I can appear at the bar of judgment by counsel or proxy and not in person, I am ready to employ any editor, lawyer, or clergyman, to take my "original sin" off my hands, for it is rather troublesome sometimes. But the man who obtains this office, must come prepared for a higher duty than that of guide-board, which merely points on a road that it has no power to travel. Not even this has the press done. It neither pointed or led, but regardless of our most sacred feelings, of our constitutional rights, it assailed us with the vilest epithets that the vocabulary of billingsgate can boast of, and to suppress thought, speech, and action, it recommended the enactment of laws that would have disgraced the era of New England witchcraft. We were not permitted to meet our traducers, nor vindicate our characters through the organs whereby we were assailed. For the first time we learned that "freedom of the press" meant freedom for slanderers and villifiers to outrage every right of humanity, with no danger of being called to an account. The law of libel afforded no protection: for modern laws, like modern theologies, are very intricate and indefinite, and admit of as many constructions as there are litigants or expounders. The popular remedy for complaints of this kind presented few inducements, for we know of an editor who had been cowed nine times, without improving his morals in the least. So we took a philosophical view of the ground, and elicited the inference that the press had a mission to perform which it should be allowed to finish, if it was nothing more than to dig its own grave. But human nature was never made to be trampled on and remain silent. The descendants of the pilgrims would disgrace their ancestry if they kept still on a religious subject. We felt that the honor of our grand-sires was at stake and we uttered. And this feeble attempt at self-defense assisted the knight of the quill to the important discovery, that in addition to its other propensities, electricity through the agency of the Spirit rappers was endeavoring to "strike down the press."

We remember when the secular press was the pride and boast of the American people. If it has lost any portion of the esteem and confidence it once enjoyed, let its conductors look to it. Its very existence depends upon the favors of a public, generous and zealous of individual rights. The press to a great extent has been fostered and fed by party strife. Now, however, the political and religious elements of the country are in the chaotic or fusion state, and the next aggregation of parties will be based upon entirely new issues. Notwithstanding what hirings and demagogues may think, the great body of the people love truth for truth's sake, and they are heartily weary of the blackguardism, so long heaped upon the candidates of public suffrage. If a man eminent for character and ability is presented as the nominee for the highest office in the gift of the people, he is considered fair game for every partizan ploy to shoot at. If he has the hardihood to read the papers, he will have to endure the lofty elevation of the greatest hero on one hand and the degradation of the vilest criminal on the other. Indeed this practice of lying on a matter of political purport is so common that an editor is not expected to tell the truth for two weeks before and one week after election. But when the press "developed up" from the secular to the Spiritual phase, it bore about the same relation to its legitimate office that the Spanish Inquisition bore to a christian church. I have been speaking in general terms thus far; particulars would lengthen this article beyond the patience of the reader.

Spiritualism numbers its members by hundreds of thousands, and it is no idle boast to say that this great body combines within itself the elements of Americanism, Republicanism, Temperance, Mo-

reality and Progress. The world outside knows but little about us; we have not been represented by the press, but grossly misrepresented. In self defence we have established organs for the interchange of thought and the dissemination of fact. A perusal of these papers will satisfy the reader of their tendency and ulterior object.

GENIAL GREATHEART:
OR,
THE JOTTINGS OF A GUARDIAN ANGEL.

EDITED BY S. LEAVITT.

CHAPTER I.

"And hear at times a sainted
That moves about from place to place,
And whispers to the vast of space
Among the worlds, that all is well."—TENNYSON.

As it seems to be the order of the day for the denizens of upper air to take an active part in terrestrial affairs, I feel called upon to make the world acquainted with that worthy man whose name stands at the head of this writing. I will not now attempt to depict fully, either his personal appearance, history, circumstances or character, especially since, with regard to the latter, it is only by long intercourse with him that any one can become well acquainted with him. Some few hints upon these subjects, however, are needed by the reader, to enable him to erect a temporary plaster effigy of his heart, to be soon, I trust, replaced by a statue of solid marble. As to his exterior, I will only say, that though sixty years of age, he still retains much of the freshness of youth; otherwise, he is not calculated to attract attention, though there is something about him which leads very observant to say, "That man I have not read."

He is possessed by inheritance of a small property, the income of which is sufficient to supply his wants, for he is "alone on the wide, wide sea," no other form having ever come between him and his dead betrothed. He invariably evades the subject, when questioned concerning his celibacy, by saying, "The apostle John says: 'Little children, keep yourselves from idols.' I disobeyed this injunction once, and heaven helping, it shall be but once." Early in life, he became an itinerant preacher, and many blessed him because of the light and serenity he bestowed them to obtain. But about a score of years since, the grey dawn of the new era began to attract his attention: he began to feel that old thing were passing away, and turned himself to pondering and studying, by the help of most literatures. What knowledge, (to his own thinking, at least,) he arrived at, will be gradually unfolded, as from time to time I shall dare to retype his life.

GREATHEART WALKS BROADWAY.

Like many others in this age, Greatheart, who was a strict Presbyterian, has had such a sheet let down before him, as of old was let down before a Galilean fisherman, full of what he had been taught to consider unclean beasts. He too, has heard a voice saying, "What God has cleansed, that call not thou unclean." Among other consequent changes, such a change has come over his views concerning the short-comings of his fellow men, that now it may be said of his charity, that "it never faileth." For a feeling that mankind are one great brother and sisterhood, the victim of circumstances now, (and therefore to be only loved and pitied), but destined to one common lot, happiness, fills him to overflowing. Consequently, he finds it impossible to entertain any bitterness of anger against any one; so that when he sees an opportunity to stay any man in his evil courses, he meets him like the Quaker in Uncle Tom's Cabin, with, "Friend, thee is not wanted here." His word to the living and the dead, severally, is, "O, ye loved ones, whom while in life I could only weep for, and never help; and ye who still toil on in the monster-bearing desert, dying the flinty ground with your blood, yet a little while and our Father's bosom will screen us all, and sorrow's firewhip, and oppression's harness, and all the Gehenna balliffs which patrol and inhabit over-vexed Time, will trouble us no more."

It is delightful to me to follow the workings of his mind as he walks through the street, since he has come into such light and liberty. I will rehearse, as far as possible, his musings during a recent walk in Broadway. It is the neontide of a gorgeous Indian summer day; he arranges his books and papers, and pauses before the window, (he rents a room in Chelsea,) to enjoy the view there presented. Immediately before him appear the classic shades of the Episcopal Seminary grounds, and several beautiful private residences; next beyond, the elevated park and mansion of the author of "The Night Before Christmas," while farther, and still farther, appear the river and the wooded heights of Weehawke, gleaming in the sunshine. After drinking in this scene, so in unison with his serene soul, he descends to have a kindly word with the lady of the house, who is one of those few choice Spirits who know, love and reverence him. Then he seeks Broadway, as it had been his studio, where he may carve out images of beauty; for every good and true thought is "a thing of beauty," as also "a joy forever."

As he walks he meets with many a man whom he knows to have wholly identified himself with some useful sect, party or movement, and murmurs in passing, "O that you knew that I am your brother! but, alas! though much of the same opinion as you, because I will not receive all your dogmas, if I were to claim fraternity with you, you would spurn me!" So eclectic is he, so disposed to seek for good in all sects, parties and movements, and yet so unwilling to say of any clique, "I am

of you," that he is counted for an Ishmaelite among them, every man's hand being against him, "I think that he is against them. Yet he walks quietly among them, with an unspeakable joy in him—an embodiment of freedom of body and mind. When Kossuth rode in triumph through Broadway, the Germans shouted "Freiheit fur Deutcher!" (doicher.) "Freedom for the Germans," continually from his heart of hearts swells up the cry, "Freiheit fur Manner!" "Freedom for Man!" But now he is musing concerning that strong joy that fills him at all times, often amounting to such ecstasy that he is scarcely able to refrain from clapping his hands, and shouting God's praises in the street, although his friends once supposed that, like Cowper, he had sunk irretrievably into melancholy. (Even now, his joy being so deep as to give his face a solemn cast, many still cherish the same idea.) "Let me consider," said he, as he brushed past a bevy of butterflies and living 'clothes horses,' at the corner of Fourteenth Street, "what are the constituents of this joy?" First, towering above all others, and modifying all others, I feel continually that witness of the Spirit which all, who in all ages have been baptized with the Holy Ghost and with fire, have felt. Next, descending to particular classes, I have the joy of all evangelical Christians as such, and especially that of the Methodist, for I 'get the blessing,' whenever I look earnestly to God, which is not seldom; and have 'found liberty,' and feel as much liberty as he does to praise God enthusiastically.—How beautifully, by the way, Divine Providence has developed great single truths, and revived and kept alive other great truths, by means of individual sects, while they have been warring with one another. Even as the various schools of medicine have been each developing some of those great truths which are to make up together a perfect system, so the various sects have, for the most part, while they thought they were building up the only true church, been each only hewing a foundation stone for 'the Lord's new church in the earth.' See now, for instance, how gloriously the Methodists have revived the great truths for which David contended so zealously with his wife, Michal, whose opposition to them the Lord punished by barrenness—i. e., that we should, if so disposed, dance before the Lord, and shout his praise. 'Sing unto the Lord,' says he, 'all ye saints of his.' And again: 'Be glad in the Lord, and rejoice, ye righteous, and shout for joy, all ye that are upright in heart.' I rejoice with the Arminian in believing that man is practically free (as to his will); and with the Calvinist, in believing that he is philosophically necessitated: with the Old School Presbyterian, (although best pleased with Swedenborg's view of him,) in believing that Christ died for all that will be saved; and with the New School Presbyterian, in believing that he died for all men; and therefore I rejoice with the Universalist, in believing that all will be saved! The principal truth which I think the Roman Catholic is keeping alive and over which I rejoice with him, is, that men do not all go straight to heaven or hell for ever at death, but have pretty much the same chance to come to Christ after, as before death. I rejoice with the Quaker, in believing that the Spirit of God still speaks through men (they being veritably the temples of the Holy Ghost), and 'lighteth every man that cometh into the world,' and especially those who cultivate 'inwardness.' I rejoice with the Second Adventer, in a coming Christ, though his coming, I think, be a less external one than most of them look for."

(I must here introduce an extract from his diary on this subject.)
SUNDAY NIGHT, Nov. 20th.—Tears rush into my eyes. My breast expands. I sit erect; filled, ye-flooded with a sublime joy, for many prophets and kings have desired to see the thing which I see, and have not seen it; even the dawning of the Second Golden Age, THE GLORY OF ALL TIMES. A shudder of deepest emotion comes over me, when now one broad glance at the signs of these times, tells me more plainly than a multitude of angels in the zenith, headed by trumpet-bearing Gabriel, would tell the old Church:—"Behold the bridegroom cometh, and with him peace!" A harmony of singing, as it had been angel halleluiahs, next sweeps through me, ultimating in bodily thrilling:
"My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing itself away
To everlasting bliss."

Again, I rejoice with the Baptist, in believing that it is our duty and our privilege to go down like Christ into the water, and to be buried there with him in baptism: with the Swedenborgian, I rejoice in Emanuel Swedenborg, as the greatest of modern light-bringers: with the transcendentalist, in the many glorious truths shrouded in his lofty pantheism: with the Spiritualist, in the universality of the "Communion of Saints." Coming next to the great humanitarian movements of the age: I rejoice with the temperance reformer, that "Lechabod" is written legibly enough on King Alcohol's brow: with all haters of oppression in general, that the world is rapidly turning out its *honored men*, as intrusive dogs are turned out, with tin ketdies tied to their tails: that to kings, kaisers and Spiritual papas (popes) there is a universal cry—Depart thou—to the—Father of thee: with the abolitionist, I rejoice in the hope of a speedy deliverance for the sons of Ham: with the advocate of woman's rights, I rejoice that "heaven's last best gift to man" (pooh, how disgusting!) is about to find out that she is *no gift to man at all*, but that it takes her and a man to make up a perfect human being, and that she is about to assume her true position, at his side, instead of under his feet. Gift, indeed! You might

almost as well say that dame Nature produced Jesus Christ, and gave him to God Almighty for a son! whereas, he is a *part* of God. With the Socialist, I rejoice in plainly perceiving that the frightful inequalities existing among men, as to their worldly goods, are to be done away: with phrenologists, over the discovery of the true science of mind: with water-cure, botanical, clairvoyant, vegetarian, homeopathic, &c. reformers, over their various discoveries. In short, with all humanitarians, over the rapid progress of external reform, as well as that of science and art. And finally, I rejoice with all conservatives, over the perfect preservation of old truths, and with all progressives, over the rapid development of new truths. Here then, now, have I, in the aggregate, "a joy unspeakable, and full of glory."

[From the Saturday Evening Post.]

WHAT THE ANGELS THOUGHT OF IT.

BY ELIZA L. SPROAT.

In the night an Angel came to me with his All Hail! I was not afraid, but rose from sleep into his presence, and waited for his teaching. He stood for one uncertain moment, pondering; and in that moment, my struggling Spirit so far escaped its flesh, as to travel the earth with him, in contemplation; toiling along the level of his thought.

Therein I saw all world doings. The building of cities, the crowning of sovereigns, the growth of religions, the harvest-homes of villagers, the multitudinous assembling of armies, rising against each other, as sea against sea; at last, at the end of that uncertain moment, the birth of a fisherman's child.

Then I stood in the fisherman's hut, and not in my chamber; gradually I was aware of other angels bending over the babe.

One stood tall and smiling; a light of surprise, half god-like, half child-like, lived through the dark of an early morning, filling all the room.

Another presence moved with the first, and seemed a mere shadow of the bright one's brightness. And he that smiled is called in heaven the Announcer, the Liberator, the Keeper of the Threshold, the Joy-bearer; but on the earth his name is only Death.

He said:
"My sister Angel, this child, so far more lovely than Nature's wont, has awakened in my heart a strange desire; I would fain take it, even in this beauty of flesh, and lay it as a flower-bud yet un-sheathed, at the foot of its Creator."
"Nay," said the dark one, her countenance breaking to twilight, "shall clay endure an instant before the Throne?"

"For in the end, in the end, all beauty of my beautiful earth shall perish!" added slow the mournful Angel of Life.

But the other said, the Believer,
"Is not God all? and is not every shade and color of beauty a visible thought of His mind? hath he studied the blending of browns on a moth's wing, and shaped the pine cone, and imagined the scent of the strawberry, and are they not fully good?"

And farther:
"Can God forget? If once he fix the form of the spheroid grape, can the instance of a universe of far creations blot it from existence? Nay, but mounting, step by step, the spheres of life, whereof this earth is the threshold, the essence of all beauty in this lower creation shall be added to the higher, and the rounding of a rose, and of this babe's cheek, shall not be lost in all the eternities of God."

He spoke yet farther:
"At blush of evening, I stood by yon cottage, when, a few days gone, I changed a sick, gaunt child, to a rosy angel.
"By the door of that cottage, a large red bud, half-bursting, swung low with a bee in its heart; and on the moss-puiled roof yet lingered a corner of sunshine. I scooped the light with my palm into the rose-hat, and, closing the petals, bore it straight to my little stranger in heaven.
"Now the rose is unthorned, and the bee is stungless; but its petals shall never crystallize to germs, nor change to amaranth; and still, ascending through the ages from life to life, this child shall bear, amidst the symbols of other angels, that soft web blossom, with a bee in its heart, as a memory of the first of all its homes."

"So let me snatch this bud from this human garden, to live perpetual in the rose-fields of heaven."
"So release this yet innocent Spirit from its coming possible of degradation, and this dainty flesh from its gradual certain deadening back to clay. Risk not this one sweet body and soul to corruption, oh, dreary Angel of Life!"
But the other spoke, the Fulfiller:
"I am kinder than thou, too eager Angel: Thou who seekest to mend the intents of God."

"He wills that some souls stand already in untried innocence about him: He wills that this and others suffer humanity: He is Love—He purposes, I fulfil."
"Then farewell, beauty!" sighed the pitying Angel.
"I think not so," said the other, half uncertain, (for Spirits are but wise in their degree.) "Yet pause, my sense grows clearer—I feel the future; tarry me and watch this baby's growing, and if any moment find him fail in beauty, that moment sees him safe and soft in thine arms."

So we waited—I also: for to him who stands with angels, Time is not. So the days stepped one by one to his cradle, each with its tribute of baby soft-

ness and bloom; so the rosy weeks tipped by, and pausing, deepened the meaningless dimples to conscious smiles, and kindled the vacant infant eyes with joyful recognitions; so the years rolled on, and passing, led the child from his cradle, and set him a-leaping,—left an unsealed kiss on the round soft mouth, which straight took up the olden task of creation, fleshing new baby thoughts with quaint words, as God half speaks some souls in limiting clay.

Year by year the boyish form grew more buoyant, the glance more eager, the bearing more impetuously beautiful! And I saw that while the glory of youth was about him in its fulness, the Spirit of Life arose, and touched him with a finger.

A shadow fell on his brow: it passed, and with it the wildness from his play, and the dimples from his smiling.

"He loses!" said Death, half anxious, half triumphant; yet as I looked, the shadow that dimmed, had vaguely sweetened his smiling, and he had not lost.

Life looked into those dancing eyes, and they steadied.

"He is mine!" said Death; but straight from their darkening depths arose a light of Thoughtfulness—an outlook of new awakened hopes, and yearnings, and questionings; and the newer charm was greater than the lost.

Now he stood eager, passionate, beautiful; thrilled with an ignorant, expectant wonder of himself. And while yet wrapt in youth's aimless, joyful dreaming, again the Angel fronted him, sombre and stern. She spoke of daily human needs and drudgeries; how poverty binds with fetters mean and mighty; how ignorance blinds, and passion maims, and appetite sucks the soul into the flesh, until the brute is all. How in the path of him who would surmount his fate, arise ten-fold of all the obstacles won to stand between youth's dreams and their fulfillment.

And at her words a new change fell upon that glowing cheek, and on those red lips, cowering pushing full against each other, as if to keep from bursting into kisses.

"He fails!" uttered the Angel of the Threshold; but as I looked again, he had not failed; for on the paler cheek and firmer lip sat the light of new-born Purpose, never to leave him until it be fulfilled.

Toiling by day, unceasing through the daily common drudgery before him, poring by night, unwearied over the gathered wisdom of ages gone; wandering anon, with purpose unwavering, over many lands and waters, gleaning store of knowledge from many nations,—standing at last, triumphant, in the nobler beauty of Intelligence and Will—then it was that I saw the Spirit confront, very sad and cold.

A presence of the unknown evil thrilled him; that proud eye quailed,—the firm lip trembled with anguish. He stood in the shadow of a great temptation—Death outstretched his arms.

But even in that first agony of self-striving, fiercer than any strife against the world, was born a new, sweet light in his star crown of beauty. Death was silent. So as the days stood one by one before him, each echoed the cry of the tempter in his bosom; so the dreary weeks dragged on, and lingering, compassed him round with new pains, and shames, and sorrows; so the mournful years rolled on, and pressing, bore from his arms home loves and consolations; so striving, faltering, stumbling, groping in sleepless faith to the pathway, every shroud that dropped from his tattered raiment of earth-beauty, revealed more fair the inner stature and form.

And now I saw a wonder: I saw that clay-bound Immortal arise and put on his immortality; arise serene in the might of thrice-proven virtue, innocent above the untired innocence of primal angels—beautiful above the further power of flesh to hold. "I am thine," he said to the Angel of the Threshold; and the Spirits of Life and Death bowed mute before him.

WHAT IS A POP?—The pop is a complete specimen of an outside philosopher. He is one-third collar, one-sixth patent leather, one-fourth walking stick, and the rest kid gloves and hair. As to his remote ancestry there is some doubt, but it is now pretty well settled that he is the son of a tailor's goose. He becomes ecstatic at the smell of new cloth. He is somewhat nervous, and to dream of tailor's bills gives him the nightmare. By his hair one would think he had been dipped like Achilles, but it is evident that the goddess must have held him by the head instead of the heels. Nevertheless, such men are useful. If there were no tadpoles there would be no frogs. They were not so entirely to blame for devotion to externals.—Paste diamonds need splendid setting to make 'em sell. Only it seems to be a waste of material to put five dollars worth of material on five cents worth of brains.—*May Hill Sentinel.*

EDUCATION.—Above all, children must not be taught too much, nor too soon. Knowledge is sometimes a hurtful burden; too much of it in proportion to the natural powers destroys originality and substitutes an unreal and insipid taste, an unconscious hypocrisy. If the dialectic faculties are later in their development than the emotions, the memory, the imagination, and the apprehension of the senses, it can not be disputed that the young may best be influenced by personal authority and personal example; nor that the study of languages naturally comes first in order, next the events of history and human life, last of all the abstractions of Philosophy; first words, then things, lastly ideas.—*North British Review.*

Poetry.
[For the Christian Spiritualist.]
[The following lines were suggested by reading a piece of poetry published in the Christian Spiritualist of July 22 under the title of "Earth's Angels."]

HEAVEN'S ANGELS.
BY DELIA.
They come from realms of glory, come
To dwell in the dear old home,
And Heaven seemeth to draw nearer,
And chills earth to grow less cold.
Not in vain the earnest watcher
Gazes on the cloud-wreathed sky,
Oh, he seeth white-robed angels
On holy missions speeding by.
And he heareth souls immortal,
From the tongue of Seraph choirs,
Filling all his soul withapture,
Kindling up love's latent fires.
Not the last in Peter's prison,
Or where the martyrs raised their hymn,
Was their cheering presence given,
But often where "the man of sin."
Hath found the soul in fetters down,
More galling far than Peter wore,
They have spoken words of comfort,
And opened wide the prison door.
Yes, oft are Heaven's angels standing
By the sufferer's couch of pain,
With their pinions half unfolded,
Ready for their flight again.
And with cool electric currents,
They oft abate the fever's glow,
Causing calm and holy feelings
Within the troubled breast to flow.
I have seen the glories gazing,
As though the Spirit-land were near,
With their glorious presence striving,
Death's dark and dreary vale to cheer.
Yes, they wait the Spirit-freeing,
From its tottering house of clay,
And it is their pleading duty
To guide it up the heavenly way.
I've seen one, who had high honors,
An offering free at duty's fane,
When from home its loved light vanished,
Bow down to earth his soul in pain.
Soon a new found hope upraised him,
For ever, 'mid life's toil and strife,
By his side as guardian Spirit,
To cheer him, stood his angel wife.
Yes, the white-robed Spirits "round us,
Who earthly temptations have laid down,
To duty prompt, that we in heaven,
Like them, may wear a starry crown.
Waterbury, Oct. 15-94.

OR, WHAT A WORLD THIS MIGHT BE!

Oh, what a world it might be,
If hearts were not so cold;
If friendship, none would slight thee,
And fortune prove less fond;
With love and true devotion,
I'm reaching out my hand,
To all who wish to be so,
And not to be alone.
Oh! what a world it might be,
More blissful than that of yore;
Come, learn, and do thy best,
To love each other more.
Oh! what a world of beauty
A loving heart might find;
If man but did his duty,
And helped his brother man.
Then angels would be brightened,
The threshold with their wings,
And love divine enlighten
The old, forgotten things.
Oh! what a world of beauty
A loving heart might find;
If man but did his duty,
And helped his brother man.

A LOVER'S FANCY.

BY GERALD MASSEY.
Sweet heaven! I do love a maiden,
Radiant, rare, and lovely-laden;
When she's near me, heaven is round me,
Her dear presence doth so bound me,
I could bring my heart to gladness,
Might it free her from all sadness,
Give the world, and all that's in it,
To press her hand a minute.
Yet she knoweth not I love her,
Never dare I tell the sweet,
Till, but to the stars above her,
And the flowers that kiss her feet.
Oh! to live and linger near her,
And in fearful moments cheer her!
I could be a bird to lighten
Her heart—her heart with love's brighten.
Or in fragrance, like a blossom,
Give my life up on her bosom.
For my love's without measure,
All its pains are sweetest pleasure,
Yet she knoweth not I love her,
Never dare I tell the sweet,
Till, but to the stars above her,
And the flowers that kiss her feet.

REVERENCE, RELIGION.—Impress your mind with reverence for all that is sacred. Let no wantonness of youthful spirit, no compliance with the intemperate mirth of others, ever betray you into profane sallies. Besides the guilt that is thereby incurred, nothing gives a more odious appearance of petulance and presumption to youth than the reflection of treating religion with levity. Instead of being an evidence of superior understanding, it discovers a shallow mind, which, vain of first spatterings of knowledge, presumes to make light of what the rest of mankind reverence. At the same time you are not to imagine, when exhorted to be religious, you are called upon to be more formal and solemn in your manner than others of the same years, or to erect yourself into supercilious reprovers of those around. The spirit of religion breathes gentleness and kindness. It is social, kind, cheerful—far removed from that gloomy and illiberal superstition which clouds the brow, sharpens the tempter, dejects the spirits, and teaches men to flit themselves for another world by neglecting the concerns of this.—Let our religion, on the contrary connect preparation for Heaven with an honorable discharge of the duties of this life. Of such religion, discover on every occasion that you are not ashamed; but avoid making unnecessary ostentation of it before the world.

THE NEW CASE OF DIVORCE.—We published recently the action of an Agricultural Society in Iowa declaring that ignorance of a wife in the art of bread making is sufficient ground for divorce. The N. Y. Express, noticing the same action, comments on it as follows:

"The inability to make bread has been declared sufficient ground for divorce by the Jones County Agricultural Society of Iowa. Husband and wife, by decrees of Courts and acts of Legislatures, have been separated for life on grounds less reasonable. But, suppose the Courts to decide that an inability to make bread should be a good reason for separating man and wife, what would become of 'Upper Tension,' what of the scores of fair faces, delicate hands and sumptuously educated women who are trained simply for the parlor, the ball room, and the pump and show of fashionable life. Our good mothers all knew how to make and bake bread. There was not one in a thousand who were mothers, in America, twenty-five years ago, who could not do this, or make a bed, sweep a room, set parlors and chambers, cook a good dinner, &c. They could also preside at the table with dignity and honor, carve the dishes set before them for separate portions, and do the honorable work of being the nurse of their own children too, and were slow to trust those to whom they had given birth to the management and control of others. There were neat, tidy, healthy women then, too. They always had changes of clothes, and clothes adapted to the seasons. The doctor was called less frequently, and for less frivolous causes. Care and prevention were the medicines which both ministered to mind diseased and saved diseased bodies, and the practical maxim was that an ounce of preventive was worth a pound of cure."

"Many of these things are changed now and for the worse. The result is the double misfortune of a bad education, increased physical ailments, and a total want of preparation on the part of many who are married or marriageable for the practical duties of life."

MAGNETIC MAGIC.

OR
HISTORICAL AND PRACTICAL TREATISE ON FASCINATIONS, CABALISTIC MIRRORS, SUSPENSIONS, COMPACTS, TALISMANS, CONVULSIONS, POSSESSIONS, SORCERY, WITCHCRAFT, INCANTATIONS, SYMPATHETIC CORRESPONDENCES, NECROMANCY, ETC., ETC.

Translated from the French of L. A. Cahagnet,
Author of the "Celestial Telegraph."

SIXTH DIALOGUE.

CONVULSIVE FITS—POSSESSIONS.

"Information about the Convulsive Fits and assistance, especially relating to what happened in the Provinces of Lyons, &c., on the occasion of the Public Crucifixion of Favin, 1778."

Like the writer I quoted a moment ago, this one considers the convulsive fits as an effect of a diabolical influence; but his opinion is the least thing to us,—what we want, are facts well authenticated; we must take them wherever we may find them. I read on page 28,

"First, these girls subject to convulsive fits, entreated the men who composed the assembly, and seemed the most charitable, to come and press the suffering parts, and then to draw up their limbs; they were soon relieved, and their comforts increased with the strength of the pressure and rubbing. By little and little their desires increased, and they soon wished for blows; the strongest produced the most relief; they therefore wished to be beaten with clubs, and by and by with logs, and finally with very heavy iron hammers. Blows that would have been sufficient to kill an ox, were repeatedly struck on the breasts of these poor girls, protected only by a thin linen dress. These blows were received with a sort of voluptuousness,—they were a sure nostrum against any sort of ill, and restored plumpness, complexion and beauty."

"But women are fond of change. They soon experienced the desire of being crucified, quartered, or hanged; of having swords put into their bellies, their mouths, their eyes even. They had the fancy of being placed over burning coals, of being shut and stowed in barrels stuffed with nails, &c. In one word, the most extraordinary tortures were demanded by these girls, and granted, without ever producing the least wounds, even the least bruise upon their skin. All these blows became on them, sovereign balsams and vivifying nostrums. What is most singular is, that whenever their desires were not complied with, their pains and sufferings rapidly increased."

"With the assistance of these principles, which we shall discuss at length hereafter, we may now enter into the sanctuary, and gaze upon their bloody sacrifices! Let us have courage! We are in a garret; the walls are entirely covered with knives, poignards, swords, instruments of torture of every description, mysterious spears, nails tainted with human blood, &c., &c. To preserve you from terror and sadness, and to keep your faith alive in spite of the miracles you are to witness, I shall call your attention to two pictures that occupy the extremity of this miracle-making room. The one represents the morals of this society, and the other its dogmas." (Page 228.)

7. "It is therefore certain that there is a supernatural action in these convulsive fits. Such prodigies have been witnessed by at least thirty thousand persons, and repeated more than fifty thousand times." (Page 240.)

"There was one young woman especially, called Mary Sonnet, who had received the surname of Salamander, because she remained for hours in the most ardent fire without being injured at all, without even having her clothes in the least damaged. And yet this woman was strong enough to reduce a piece of crystal into dust, by a simple blow of her hand." (Page 207.)

10. Although a great arguer, the author became a little more reasonable, and makes the following remarks which are worthy of our attention: "For example, what could all their comparisons do against the swords of the order? They have been passed through the bosom or even the eyes, and yet never injured even the skin of the person who had the courage to submit to such experiments. What is the effect of denying what one has not seen? Simply to confirm the truth of those who have seen the phenomenon thousands of times. The only way to confute it would be to present contrary facts to destroy these. But that is never done; and moreover every one may still witness the convulsive fits which continue to take place at Paris. We have spoken of the swords, because in ordinary circumstances they have caused death; and I challenge any one to bring forth a single fact of similar impunity. If anything of the sort had ever taken place, the attention of the whole world would have been excited enough to be still known to everybody. Let our skeptical philosophers come forth and show us something of this nature! But they have nothing to present us with but their vague objections.—Never any proof, never any sound criticism in their method. All their hypotheses are gratuitous and unnatural; they speak much, but explain nothing. But it is true that it would be difficult to explain how what could kill an ox, may yet be inflicted a thousand times on a more delicate subject, and not cause it the least injury; it would be just as impossible to explain how wounds which require months to heal, disappear in this case as rapidly as they are made."

"The necessary consequence of these observations, is that those convulsive fits are due to a supernatural agency, and present many phenomena which are in direct contradiction with all the known laws of matter. We are, therefore, obliged to attribute them to supernatural agency. To do otherwise, would be to reject the method of Descartes, and to scorn all our physical science; just as well go back to the old ideas about the vacuum, occult causes, or Aristotle's principles. The only difference will be in the manner of expressing these ideas, which, among us, will only be a little more bombastic."

JOHN.—This is a famous conclusion. Does the writer believe it was the devil who caused these convulsions?

ALBERT.—It seems so.

JOHN.—He knows, at least, how to present facts with some logic. I regret only that he believes in the devil.

ALBERT.—But, my good friend, I believe in him myself; I make only certain distinctions; so I do not believe in a Prince of Darkness equal to God, and able to paralyze His creation. The devil is nothing but a personification of the Evil, or of its general cause. This devil cannot have a personal existence; but there are evil Spirits, who, like all our tyrants, domineer over a disordered society.—They are all wretches, whose only affections consist in manifestations like those I spoke of, and their only ambition is to excite men's pride, or to win their homage, or their company if they can. Such are the devils with whom the Christians endeavor

to frighten us, and to whom they ascribe a natural evil in its evil propensities, to that of God himself in His infinite goodness. According to them, God seems a secondary power, since these supposed devils can pollute His temples, and defy the power which the Church pretends to have received from Christ himself. No! I have not such a belief in the devil. I admit that there are Spirits which can do all the evil possible, but I am certain that they are governed like all the remainder of creation,—by the immutable laws of the Almighty. It is thus that we can struggle with them, and laugh at Lucifer himself! But let us go on with our quotations.

11. "Sister Barbe, of St. Michel—a strong, healthy, and highly colored girl—fell into convulsive fits, during which her whole frame was twisted and distorted in the most frightful manner. She then fell on the ground, had the most disgusting attack, and a moment after rose fresh and healthy, just as if nothing had happened." "History of Magic in France," 1819, page 139.

12. "Sister Mary, of St. Esprit, a tall and strong woman, entered the dining-room, dancing and singing. She then began to talk to her little Madeline, her bosom friend and first mistress, and immediately jumped into a plate of glass, and passed the half of the frame on the other side of the window. But there she was stopped by the following order, which was addressed to her in Latin: '*Ut in nomine, Jesus reddeat no per alium sed per ramdem rium.*'"

"A great noise occurred in the chapel on the following day. The same Sister knocked her head for a quarter of an hour between two chairs, without being at all injured."

13. "Reverend Father Ragon ordered one of those girls to bring a leaf of vine tree, but as he spoke in Greek, the possessed girl could not comprehend the order, and to get rid of the job, she fell into violent fits; it is then that the evil Spirit speaks by her mouth, and not by the sexual organs, as it sometimes happened."

14. Sister Mary, of St. Esprit, had spoken of her little Madeline; she was the door-keeper of the convent, and being suspected of having sent the evil Spirits, she had been put into prison, as a trial. She was afterwards visited by physicians in the presence of special commissaries; they discovered upon her body four scars, which seemed to be the result of wounds made with a knife; and, in fact, she confessed these wounds were made by the devil while she was in prison at Evereux. The deepest of these wounds was at the low part of her belly, its size was about one inch, and it was still red, and scarcely healed. The devil, she said, had left the knife in the wound, and forbade her taking it out. They examined at the same time her breast, which was affected by a cancer of the worst nature. This cancer had recently been healed by the application of a diaphanous plaster; and they did not find anything there but a little hole, scarcely of the size of a pin. The remainder of her breast was quite fresh, white and satin-like, like that of girl fifteen years of age.

15. The commissaries sent an official report to the Queen, and Cardinal Mazzini wrote to the Bishop of Evereux, and expressed to him the vivification he experienced at his conduct. The fanatical Bishop excommunicated his corpse, and the criminal judge summoned Madeline to be submitted to an examination. She made the following confession: "While she was at Rouen, working in the store of a milliner, she was seduced by a magician who took her to the sorcerers' meeting;—there the magician celebrated the mass in a shirt which excited her licentiousness;—that she there married Agan, a devil of hell, received the marital embrace, &c., &c. That Picard afterwards elevated her to the dignity of princess of the witches, provided that she would bewitch the community: . . . that she performed many incantations with the holy water mixed with goat's hair. . . . She added to these first cautions, that David, the first director of the convent, was a sorcerer himself; that he gave Picard a small case full of charms, and transmitted to him all his hellish powers; that Picard touched her over the clothes as he was going to receive the communion, and that she menaced him with the punishment of heaven. That she experienced such a sensation as to be obliged to go into the garden, to breathe some pure and fresh air. Scarcely was she seated under a tree when an enormous cat came, and putting its two paws upon her shoulders, approached its mouth to her own as if to seize the holy wafer she had not yet swallowed. That she made up sorceries by means of toads, &c. . . .

16. "The same Ragon prosecuted against the memory of Picard, whom he proved to have been a seducer and a debauchee. Another priest gave evidence that Picard went out during the night and often took a walk with the devil. . . . The attorney of the community said he saw him with the woman called Bavan upon the altar."

17. "An action was likewise brought against a certain Boullé, for having carried into the air a man of Souviers; seduced several married ladies and young girls, and thrown a nun into a fit of mad fury by spitting on her. The attorney gave her evidence too: that Boullé had boasted at a dinner party that he could stand on burning coals without any injury, which he really did, to the spectators' amazement. The same Boullé had seduced one of his cousins, by rendering her madly fond of himself."

The testimony of the hysterical Madeline Bavan was then received. She said that she went to the sorcerers' meetings with the culprit, . . . that he read a letter of Picard's, by which he apologized for not coming to the meeting. That on another occasion he caused the corpse of Picard to speak in the granary of Mesnil Jourdain. . . . Boullé was submitted to the torture. . . .

On the 12th of March, 1645, Madeline Bavan was condemned to a prison life, and to have no other food but bread and water. The motives of the sentence were the following: For having prostituted her body to the evil Spirits, sorcerers, and so forth, in whose copulation she became pregnant. For having conspired with sorcerers and magicians in their assemblies, against all nunneries and the salvation of their inhabitants.

Mathurin Picard was likewise condemned as a magician, and his body with that of Boullé, was given up to the hangman, and dragged all around the city and public places, &c., &c.

Rouen, August 21, 1647.

BERTROT.

JOHN.—This story is as disgusting as it is absurd. Madeline Bavan must have been mad.

ALBERT.—You suppose, too, that the judges were all blind tormentors?

JOHN.—Certainly! Could you admit yourself such turpitudes?

ALBERT.—I do not reject them; it is not the first time such things have happened. I have spoken to you already of Father Girard.

18. I might quote a no less infamous affair which took place a few years ago in a little provincial town. After having committed the same abuse upon a young girl, a miserable priest ordered that hair cloth should be applied on her breast, in order to silence her flesh. He then passed a burning iron over the sexual organs, to cancel any trace of his crime. Should you throw a glance at our galleries, you would see many convicts who expiate their crimes of the same nature. Is it not enough to name Liotard & Co.? When a priest descends to the part of a seducer, it cannot but inspire us with the deepest horror.

In the affair of Madeline Bavan, I see a woman who is four times stabbed by an invisible Spirit, which must necessarily be an evil Spirit; I see the many witnesses of those crimes; I see one of the miserable perpetrators of those offences dying before his condemnation, and thus silencing all revenge. There is nothing impossible in doing what she says, especially when the subject is liable to crises, during which she sees whatever it pleases her operator to see or hear. As for the helping accessories, which in magic vocabulary are called "philters," I do not see why this woman would have accused a dead man, except for truth's sake. I am perfectly convinced that she does not exaggerate, and those who suspect her are worse than herself.

If I admit the possibility of such crimes, it is because I witness no less criminal conduct in the practice of magnetism. If I give publicity to these facts, it is in the hope of putting an end to these disorders. I would wish that so divine a lore be not mislaid in the labyrinths of a road which does not always direct toward the desired end. I will warn the blind, frighten the witches who do not recoil before a crime, and above all, I will protect the victims of such disorders. But let us go on; we shall presently review the theory of Dr. Bertrand, about the subjects of the convulsive fits. I have already observed to you that this author was very little disposed to accept without the most authentic proofs, these sort of facts. The following quotation is taken from his "Treatise on Somnambulism," 1832, page 389.

In the convulsive fits which took place in the Convent of St. Medar, the most striking feature was the faculty that the patients had of bearing without injury, the most heavy blows. The awful spectacle of what they called Great Helps, was publicly given during many years. The whole city of Paris went and witnessed these atrocious scenes; they were the only subject of conversation. But yet, when these public exhibitions ceased, they were soon forgotten. If they are sometimes spoken of in our days, it is only as a proof of the reality of certain phenomena, which will forever baffle the human mind, and its more or less ingenious explanations."

"My object here is not to examine the changes which may have taken place in the bodies of these unfortunate people, for being able to resist the natural causes of destruction they submitted to.—This question would be very interesting, but it is too far from my subject. I shall observe here that this phenomenon seems to have been directly connected with a state of absolute insensibility in the patient."

20. The same writer says, page 382, "That a child twelve years of age, the son of the Consul, was subject to fits quite similar to those of which we are at present occupied. This boy made the most surprising remarks, and sometimes even uttered prophecies; but no one would believe them, and it was once questioned whether he was inspired by God or the evil Spirit. But while the deliberation was going on, the child exclaimed, 'They will not admit that I am a good angel; I shall prove my divine mission by a miracle.' He then took a knife and plunged it into his bosom; but no injury was done, and the soon withdrew the weapon, saying, 'This I hope, is a miracle.'"

But let us now come back to the examination of the fits of St. Medar. The remembrance of the frightful scenes is the only one remaining now in men's mind; it would yet be wrong to suppose that many among the subjects of these convulsive fits, that asked, or could support the Great Helps. There was scarcely one in the five or six hundred that appeared all on a sudden at Paris." (Page 388.)

21. "I had a clairvoyante," pursues the same writer, page 385, "to whom I was obliged to grant that the visitors should trample upon her frame, force their fingers into the pit of her stomach, strangle her, &c., &c. At other times, the same treatment would doubtless have killed her; and yet in her magnetic sleep, she assured me it could not but relieve her. Moreover, when the crisis was passed, no visible trace of suffering remained upon her face."

22. In these late times, many of the persons mesmerized by Abbot Faria, appeared to be endowed with this sort of invulnerability. One of his somnambules assured me that she became so completely insensible during her trance, that a large nail was often found in her arm, without exciting the least sensation, nay, without bringing forth a single drop of blood."

23. The following statement is extracted from "The Tortative Cyclopaedia; article, Occult Sciences." "The convulsive fits of St. Medar took place at a later period, but their history had been altered previously to the ratifications of Mr. Bertrand." "This ecstatic epilepsy appeared usually in the midst of the most frightful convulsions, during which the whole frame was in a state of complete insensibility, while the mental faculties were excessively exalted. It seems established by the most authentic reports of the epoch, that they could, during the convulsive fits, enter into fire without danger. Some of those wretches did not eat for forty days. Others received the most frightful blows upon their stomach, or other most delicate parts of their bodies, without being injured in the least. But all these phenomena will naturally be explained, if we admit the authenticity of a famous operation which recently took place in Paris, during the magnetic trance, and did not cause the least suffering to the patient." (Page 178.)

JOHN.—This writer is very fortunate to be able to explain all these manifestations by the hypothesis of magnetic insensibility. But should we even admit this insensibility, it could not explain how a sword does not rend an eye, when it is forced into it; matter may be as subtle as you wish, it cannot resist what disunites its particles; a heavy body cannot become light without losing some of its parts, &c., &c. Mr. Bertrand is a little more logical when he says that these things transcend the human understanding.

ALBERT.—The perpetual tendency of our mind is to get rid of reasoning; we therefore draw the rashest conclusions; we abhor the trouble of demonstrating the bases of our convictions; it is so easy to pull down a proposition by saying that it would be absurd to examine such nonsense; that it does not exist but in diseased brains, &c., &c.

We shall now examine the criticisms of Father Surin, the famous exorcist of Loudun, and its possessed inhabitants. I shall quote only his conclusions, which I borrow from a book entitled "Possessions Works of Father Surin, Exorcist of the Possessed Sisters of Loudun," 1829.

24. "Almost all those poor women fell into convulsive fits and contortions, that shamed nature. They almost all bent their bodies backward, so as to place their heads upon their heels, which did not prevent their walking for a long time in that position, without any mark of suffering."

25. "They had another trick too, which consisted in giving to their heads a movement of oscillation, so rapid that no one could purposely imitate it."

26. "While laying on the floor, they rendered themselves so stiff and heavy, that the strongest man was scarcely able to raise their heads."

27. "They also drew their tongues out, and swelled it excessively, and rendered it stiff and black, which could not be done except by calling forth a great number of Spirits; and yet their tongues were not pressed into the teeth, and the effect was instantaneously produced. Many physicians confessed in my presence, that it was a supernatural and extraordinary phenomenon."

28. "Demon Balaam performed in the abbess, body, a thing which, although indifferent in itself, was yet judged by the best physicians as transcending all human power; it was such dazzling brilliancy to the eyes, that no one could support its glory, which thus rendered evident the presence of an evil Spirit."

29. "This abbess made very singular faces; she twisted her arms in the most eccentric manner, especially at the moment of the wafer's adoration.—The demon sometimes took her feet, and joining them with her arms, make a perfect circle of the whole."

[To be continued.]

THE BEAUTIFUL MANIAC.

"The fire that on my bosom preys
Is none so warm as the soul's fire;
No torch is kindled at its blaze—
A funeral pile!"

In the morning train from Petersburg, there was a lady, closely veiled, in the same car with ourselves. She was dressed in the purest white, wore gold bracelets, and evidently belonged to the higher circles of society. Her figure was delicate, though well developed, and exquisitely symmetrical; and when she occasionally drew aside her richly embroidered veil, the glimpse of her features which the beholder obtained, satisfied him of her extreme loveliness. Beside her sat a gentleman in deep mourning, who watched over her with unusual solicitude; and several times when she attempted to rise, he excited the curiosity of the passengers by detaining her in his seat.

Outside the cars all was confusion; the passengers looking to baggage, porters running, cabmen cursing, and all the usual hurry and bustle attending the departure of a railroad train. One shrill warning whistle from the engine, and we moved slowly along.

At the first motion of the car, the lady in white started to her feet with one heart-piercing scream, and her bonnet falling off, disclosed the most lovely features that we ever contemplated. Her raven tresses fell over her shoulders in graceful disorder, and, clasping her hand in prayer, she turned her dark eyes to heaven! What agony was in that look! What beauty! What heavenly beauty, had not so much of misery been stamped upon it!—Alas! that one glance told a melancholy tale.

"Tobacco and its effects."—We are told that in 1840, 1,500,000 persons, one-tenth of the entire population of the United States, were engaged in raising and manufacturing tobacco, and at the present time not less than 2,000,000 are so employed. The tobacco crop of the United States in 1850 was very nearly 200,000,000 pounds. And if we take into account the waste of land and labor in raising it, the expenses attending its manufacture and traffic, with the loss of time consumed in smoking and chewing it, and the consequent idleness and indolence it begets, \$40,000,000 would be a low estimate of the present annual loss to the nation; a sum sufficient to provide every district of our country with a free school, every hamlet with a free church, and every pauper with a free home.

"The consumption of cigars alone in the city of New-York, in 1851, was computed at \$4,000,000 a day; while the whole city paid but \$8,500 a day for bread; this would be \$3,650,000 a year for cigars alone. The grand Erie Canal, three hundred and sixty-four miles long, the longest in the world with its eighteen aqueducts and eighty-four locks, was made in six years, and cost but little over \$7,000,000. The sugar bill of New-York city would have paid the whole in two years. If a line of Atlantic steamers, the pride of the ocean, were all sunk, how soon would the sugar money of that one city rebuild the whole! It is a very moderate cigar smoker who spends only six cents a day; and yet it amounts to \$22.90 a year; a sum which would be called an enormous tax, if laid on a young man for the purposes of government, or the support of religious institutions. The same trifling sum, if put to annual interest, would in thirty years, amount to \$8,529.30; and who does not wish that cigars were banished from the world, when he thinks in how many hundred ways this sum might have done good, if laid out in educating and elevating his children."

If the tobacco consumption of the United States goes on in future increasing as it has for twenty years past, have we not reason to fear that the nation of native, seeming inventive, enterprising, efficient Yankees, flying all over the world, will be actually smoked down to a nation as phlegmatic and stationary as the smoking Dutchman of Holland?"

In the United States, intelligent physicians have estimated that 20,000 die every year, from the use of tobacco, and in Germany, where the streets, as the houses, are literally fogged with tobacco smoke, the physicians have calculated that of all the deaths that occur between the ages of eighteen and thirty-five, one half originate in the waste of the constitution by smoking? Tobacco exhausts and deranges the nervous powers and produces a long train of nervous diseases to which the stomach is liable; and especially those forms that go under the name of dyspepsia, with their kindred train of evils. It also exerts a disastrous influence upon the mind, and frequently produces an enfeebling of the memory, a confusion of ideas, irritability of temper, want of energy, and unsteadiness of purpose, melancholy, and sometimes insanity. These are the ultimate effects of the use of tobacco, and though one may not perceive them in his own case, we are assured that the tendency of the drug is always towards disease.

"All writers agree that the only remedy for the ruinous effects of tobacco is, 'to touch not, taste not, handle not,' Dr. Shaw says, 'Charlatans may go about, as indeed they have done, pretending to have some secret remedy by which the tobacco appetite may be permanently destroyed. But all such pretence is from the father of lies. If, through reason, conscience, and religion, a man cannot break off this habit, his case is forever hopeless, and he deserves no more than a cordoned one in which to commence to reform; because, under these circumstances, nature, true to herself, takes away all longing for the accursed drug. True, no one should wait for such an opportunity; but when it does occur let it be improved. The slaves of tobacco who have undergone a course of hydropathic treatment, tell us that the healthful stimulation afforded by the water process enables them far more easily to rid themselves of this pernicious habit.'"

"ANECDOTES OF FREDERICK THE GREAT.—From Dr. Vetch's 'Memoirs of the Court of Prussia,' we take the following characteristic anecdotes of Frederick the Great.—One of his valets, one evening, had to read prayers to him. Arrived at the words, 'The Lord bless thee, the silly man, in his habitual subservience, thought he must read, 'The Lord bless your Majesty,' on which the king at once cut him short, 'You rascal, read it as it is in the book; before God Almighty I am but a rascal like yourself.' The servants were never safe in his presence. He had two pistols, loaded with salt, lying by his side, which if they blundered, he would fire at them. In this manner one had his forehead severely injured, and another lost an eye, and the king, who was very quick of temper, threatened that he should generally be considered a tyrant. Terror might be said to go before him. A functionary who was once unexpectedly summoned to his presence, fell down dead from fright. His cane he applied so unreservedly to every body, that one day he maltreated with it a major, in front of his regiment, on which the officer at once drew his pistols, fired one before the feet of the king's horse; and with the other shot himself through the head. It was a very awkward thing to meet the king in the street. Whenever he was struck by the appearance of any one, he rode up to him so closely that the head of the horse touched the man's chest. The king, after the usual question, 'Who are you?' Those faced worse than the king's fly from him. It happened one day that a Jew, seeing the king at a distance, took to his heels, but being soon overtaken by him, the poor fellow confessed that he had been afraid. The king immediately began to cudgel him with the words, 'Love me, love me, you shall, and not fear!'

FOLLIES OF FASHION.—In no instances have the folly and childishness of a large portion of mankind been more strikingly displayed than in those various and occasionally very opposite modes in which they have departed from the standard of nature, and sought distinction even in deformity. Thus, while one race of people crushes the feet of its children, another flattens their heads between two boards; and while we in Europe admire the naked whites of the teeth, the Malays file off the enamel, and dye their black hair with the artificial reason that dogs teeth are white! A New Zealand chief has his distinctive coat of arms emblazoned on the skin of his face, as well as on his limb; and an Esquimaux is nothing if he have not bits of stones studded through a hole in each cheek. Quite as absurd, and still more mischievous, is the fashion which, among some Europeans, attaches beauty to that modification of the human figure which resembles the wasp, and compresses the waist until the very ribs have been distorted, and the functions of the Vital organs irreparably disordered.—The Chinese.

HABIT.—"I trust, everything, under God," says Lord Brougham, "to habit, upon which, in all cases, the law-giver as well as the school master has mainly placed his reliance; habit, which makes everything easy, and casts all difficulties upon the deviation from the wanted course. Make sobriety a habit, and intemperance will be hateful and hard; make prudence a habit, and reckless prodigality will be as contrary to the nature of the child grown or adult, as the most atrocious crimes are to any of your lordships. Give a child the habit of sacredly regarding the truths—of scrupulously abstaining from all acts of dishonesty, which can involve him in distress, and he will just as likely think of rushing into the element in which he can not breathe, as of lying, or cheating, or stealing."

NO GOOD DEED LEFT.—Philosophers tell us that since the creation of the world not one single particle has ever been lost. It may have passed into new shapes—it may have floated away in smoke or vapor—but it is not lost. It will come back again in the dewdrop or the rain—it will spring up in the fibre of the plant, or paint itself on the rose leaf. Through all its formations, Providence watches over and directs it still. Even so it is with every holy thought or heavenly desire, or humble aspiration, or generous and self-denying effort. It may escape our observation—we may be unable to follow it, but it is an element of the moral world, and it is not lost.